

Hyder Alley.

Prints, printer, Long-lane, London

COME all you India soldiers that to India do
belong,

Come listen to my story give attention to my song,
It's of a base and cruel act which you shall plainly
hear,

The like you have not heard of for this many
[long year]

On the 21st of August at Carey Buckle town,
Three hundred thousand gallant troops on us came
marching down,

They were as fine troops, my boys as in the field
Was commanded by young Tippoo Saib bold
Hyder Alley's son.

The strength of our detachment will you much
surprise,

We had 800 Europeans and scarce three thousand
That's what we had all in the field to fight that very
day,

And by four o'clock that evening we drove them all
[away]

Then we struck our tents and we renew'd our
march again,

Till we came to Abby New where they in ambush
With their Horse and foot and cavalry came charg-
ing in our rear

Which caus'd us to draw up again their cannon
[play'd severe]

Then we struck our tents and we renew'd our
march again.

Till we came to Tuck Corner which proved our fatal
There we met old Hyder Alley with a hundred
thousand men,

He form'd the line of battle on us he play'd full sore.

Full thirty pieces of cannon he play'd on us full sore
His cannon balls and rockets made the elements to
roar,

But we like sons of Britons stood them out till
Till our guns and ammunition up in the air was
blown.

The succour we expected from General Merow,
Which would have been a signal of a glorious
victory,

But his laying at a distance off, all for a sum of
So we marched back to Chingley Pot where poor
Bayley he was sold.

Surrounded on all quarters and from them cannot
fly,

We hoisted out a flag of truce their mercy for to
But instantly on every side on us came marching
down,

They stripp'd us naked to the skin and then they
One of Hyder's Billy Guards these words to me did
say,

Our loss is fourteen thousand altho' we gain'd the
If General Merow my boys, had come to your
support,

The one half of Hyder's army would instantly
[desert]

Now in Seringay in irons we do lay,

Great numbers of us wounded with sickness we do
die,

Here we are for to remain all in this prison strong,
When I get clear from all my foes then I'll conclude
my song.

Good luck attend Sir Alley Coot and all that does
belong,

And to every India soldier I wish them all the
But still I hope for to get clear my comrades for to
see,

Over a bottle of Batavia rack we'll sing most
[merrily]